THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1305.

Original Poem.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"A mother's cares! In these her youth
And bloom of cheek and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her with a withering blight."

My gentle Mother! in these eye
Is dark and wet,
Still can I trace the following
Years stole not as the y rell—
The love has yet the quiet look
Methink it ever wears.
The placid sweetness of thy voice
Is even as of yore.

But pale thy cheek, and shrived now
The form that bounded gay!
Mid the bright flowers of thy home
Is lodged the unbidden May.
Subdued the's very play,
And toned the buoyant tread,
And dimmed the golden, dreamy light,
That circled o'er thy head.

Such change is wrought, my mother dear,
And less by that than care;
The sight of an anxious love
Have left their trace on thine—
The patient watchfulness that views
To shield from ev'ry ill,
The hinge upon whose was poured
Thy love so strong and still.

My heart is full when I recall
My early, thoughtless years,
And grateful feelings move o'er all
Thy cares and tender tears.
The constant, tireless watchfulness
A mother only knows;
The never failing sympathy
With childhood's little woes.

The times I well remember now
When filled with sincere thought,
I looked up in my mother's face,
And consolation sought;
And the kind words in in my ear
That calmed my restless fears,
I feel the peace come o'er my heart
That hushed sorrow's tears.

And now if at change in thought and act
The trace affection tasks
And calls for other sympathies
Than boyhood childhood asks—
When Time's unfolding hand has given
Strength to the spirit's wing,
And Fortune purposes in the race
Of high endeavoring—

When life is rich beyond dream,
And earth is fair to see,
And happy future years arise
In lush without sky—
When youth's high hopes and aspirations
Are thrilling wild and warm,
And far off, realms of glory, shine
Perfection's aged form—

With all to prompt that can inspire
An energy divine
To struggle for the good and true,
Our being's prime design—
Thus act, my mother, mingled still
With every happy dream,
And higher, dearer, holier now
A daughter's duties seem—

Oh, that the future could repay
What thou hast sacrificed,
Could grace the well-decayed, love
More deeply felt and prized!
But rain are words, and actions poor,
The grateful heart to speak,
In the darkness of the past,
Mother! its likeness seek

IDA

Original Tales.

THE COUSINS;
Or, A Trip to the Springs.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CLAUD CLEVERLY.

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

That story opera less than a hundred miles from a watering place somewhere on the Delaware, not much frequented, because the accommodations were not the best and the water indifferent. And yet, sometimes old "Scratch and Scramble" had a "patient list of the Southern aristocracy" (I use his language, not mine) remaining for a whole week or more at the "Sole Horse" Hotel, kept by old Hugh Wolf. I gave the names by which he and his spring or well were called by the sparks from the city, and of the boys in the country. And if any one else has chanced to doubt it, and dispute my right so to designate them, I beg leave to remind such, according to my appointment, I have as much right to call my master of ceremonies "old Scratch and Scramble," as the soldiers of Marathon used to call their master of ceremonies "old Rough and Ready." And as to the name of the well, I would hint to know, if I can, had Sir Walsingham place which not one otherwise heard of, why I have not the right to name it?

Perhaps you may think that uncle Jimmy Goblin objected to the name of "Scratch and Scramble" for her, bless his old soul! he never cared what you called him, if you would only eat his victuals and drink his cheery beverage and pay for them after wards. By the bye, he certainly did make the best cherry bounce I ever met with in my travels. Do you dispute that, too? Ask the aforesaid city sparks and country boys—and if you doubt their word, go and try it yourself; and then I will be content to a mathematical demonstration. You need not be under any apprehensions as to your receptions. I will insure any one a hearty welcome from "old Scratch" whenever you choose to visit him.

But to my story. What about the Cousins so mutely referred to at the end of this column? Well, now, to begin in the true romantic style. It was the pleasantest part of the day, when "early" does to sleep on the bosom of the west—the bright sentinels of the upper world were silently taking their stations preparatory to the coming on of night—when mother Luna, in "matron majesty," walked amid her sparkling daughters, and sent her silver beams Cassio and sweeter than cruel to shine upon the lieutenant vegetation below. In the front portico of a lovely cottage residence, stood a large arm chair, and lolling in that chair was one of my heroes —Harry Clymer by name.

Spread upon his lap, with his hand upon its pages, was a volume of "Paradise Lost," open at the beginning of Milton's Opera of Comus He read aloud:

"Now, if I know him right, a spirit, pure
As reads the spangled pavement of the sky—"

when he was interrupted by a merry voice, a few steps from the door, exclaiming,

"I think I have him now, I'll hit him sure."

Right on the spot, or just above the mark.

Harry looked up, and there, with a ball grown apple in his raised hand, stood his "trusty and well beloved cousin," Polly Dudittle.

"Glad to see you, Polly, come in. I was just wishing for you."

"No, you were not even thinking of me. But, as usual, reading poetry," was the reply.

"Yes, I was wishing for you. And but for the 'pricking of my thumbs,' which plainly said 'something wicked this way comes,' I should have sent for you to-night or early in the morning."

"Well, what is in the wind now? Speak quick, and relieve me of my awful suspense," said the lively Polly.

"Why, I am lonesome and lee-spirited," said Harry, "and have a notion to pay "old Scratch" a visit. Of course, I could not go without you; and it was to get your opinion that I wished to see you. What say you, cousin mine, will you go?"

"*I won't do anything else!*" answered Dilly, "and I will tell you my reasons. I saw *Jack Davis*, yesterday; and he says there is a wealthy old grocer there with a daughter and niece—both rich and pretty. The only difficulty being that the latter is not an orphan, while the daughter is under the control of the said sour old grocer. But the manager of the matter is, that they hear the same family name, and though one hails from Orleans and the other from New England, no one can tell which is the Yankee or which the Southerner.

"I am not one, then," said Clymer, "what batter we two cousins can do, than go down and make fierce love to these two, and, if they please us, bring them up here to live neighbors to each other.

"Another word on the subject would be superfluous," said Gloxy; "when shall we start?

"To-morrow morning," answered Clymer.

"Harry, you are inspiring," said Gloxer; "I will make a very respectable high fellow' of you yet. But if we go that none, I must go home and pre pare for the excursion. So, adieu—till we meet on our winding way."

And now, gentle reader, while our cousins are preparing for their journey, we will be excused for more fully with their history. Harry Clymer and William (or as every one called him) Billy Glover were cousins in earnest, who had fortunately acquired the favor of an old bachelor uncle, by whom they were petted and honored during his life, and remembered for honorably at his death. He willed them fine farms, upon the condition that they would live upon those farms for ten years succeeding his death. They were now occupying the farms, and (to their credit be it said) industriously striving to add to the portions left them by their uncle. Their only consolation consisting in the fact that their houses were so contiguous, that (if Billy told the truth,) they could hear the meat fry in each other's kitchen." In fact he often boasted, that in winter, when eggs were scarce, if he heard a hen cackle at Harry's, he forthwith sent over a "pocket edition of the African race, to steal the egg for his breakfast.

I beg the reader to recollect that I am using the language of Mr. Billy Glover, and not my own.

Early the next morning, Harry Clymer was at Glover's door, calling on him to be off. In a few moments they set out.

As they rode on, they passed their way over the hills and through the valleys, the loud laugh that echoed through the forests, and the occasional shout of hilarity that broke upon the quietude of night, that case was a stranger to their bosoms, and that while the blood of youth rioted in their veins, they were regarding the world and enjoying the fruits of health and happiness with halcyon delight.

"And now," said Clymer, "before we reach the battle-ground, had we not better arrange our plan of action?

"According to agreement," answered Glover, "when we have simply located ourselves in one of old Scramble's cottages and congratulated our relatives and friends upon from the dust of travel, by means of soap and water and brush, we will proceed to besiege the citadels awaiting our approach —you to capture the fancy of Yankee land—and I, the castle from the city of cotton lugs and Yankeedom. For, dear cousin, I am afraid to tell you, or say, or throw any impediment in your way. I am inclined to think that the golden charms must yet, in the shrine of the daughter. But how my chance in yarching for some of old Goblin's cherry bounce—

"I have not decided which of the two I will take," said Harry, "but of course shall choose the one whose personal appearance pleases me best, and leave the other for you.

"Thank you, cousin mine," so, answered Billy.

"But take care that I don't' come the hostile berry over your persimmons before you are aware of it."

Thus talking, jesting and laughing, they jogged along, till the sound of a bell some half mile distant warned them that they were about to reach their destination.

"Well," said Billy, "you may renovate your dress and countenance and go and announce your arrival. I feel too much fatigued to make my appearance to-night."

"For my part," replied Harry, "I feel exceedingly anxious to see the ladies, and shall certainly seek an opportunity before I sleep, at least to look upon them and select my Dulcinea."

Accordingly, as soon as they were in a room, Glover ordered "bounce and supper"—and Clymer, "soap and water." Having washed, they combed and brushed, he called forth to hunt his way to the supper room. Upon entering, they found a small company—the majority of which were ladies. Seated at the table he carefully eyed every little group in the room, till his glance settled on a lively, sprightly looking girls seated under the care of a large, corpulent old gentleman, who seemed to be looking after every one in the room.

"Those are our girls," thought Harry, "and now to attract their attention in some manner."

Having arranged his cravat, and gentleman opposite, and on the same side of the table with himself, as Mr. Wilson, and recognizing the voice in reply as that which had saluted his ears on his arrival at the neighborhood, he rose, sauntered up the room till he reached Wilson, then bending over him he whispered:

"Don't call my name, but come to No. 13, as soon as you can."

"Eh! what! Harry—oh! ah! well, go on, I'll be there," said W'lson.

Harry returned, found the three—Harry—Billy and Wilson sitting around a table on which stood a bottle of bounce—a sugar dish—a pitcher of ice water —some other "chaser, and a box of Havana cigars.

"Come, gentlemen," said Glover, "help yourselves and fall to."

"Pshaw! Harry—you give in too soon. Did you not hear Peggy speak of her cousin's Yankee cunning? I am satisfied that Peggy is the Yankee, and you may take her. I claim the other."

"I am not satisfied to take Polly. She is much the best looking," said Clymer; "but Peggy only said what she did to deceive us. I am not satisfied that Peggy is not the Yankee."

"Gentlemen," said Polly, as they entered the room, "you seem so desirous to know from whence we came, that we are in suspense as to yours. Now as we are both fond of poetry, go you and each address some verses of his own composition to his favorite, (have some rereading your names,) and if we are pleased thereunto, we will tell you all you wish to know."

"I am agreed," said Billy, springing up. "for I am satisfied that I have already located you correctly, Cuttie Harry."

The curtain rises again to reveal the young men in their own room—each sitting at a table with pen, ink and paper. Billy having the additional propounte of a bottle of cherry bounce.

"Well, Billy, are you through? if so, lend me your pen, and for I am stumped. What rhymes to form?" asked the perplexed Harry.

"Worn," answered Glover. "And now if you have got through with your name, let's quit."

"I have done," said Clymer. "I will read first, and then you. But perhaps I had better call your attention to my first two lines, for inasmuch as I am not entirely satisfied whether my Polly is the town or daughter, I have addressed her as lately to return to the North or South. I have also taken pains to let her know that I took upon her as he, pond my reach—and that I am afraid to love; for I don't know but she might think I wanted to marry her.

"Well thought of, Mr. Clymer," said Billy. "Neither have I hinted at marriage. We have not exactly determined on that as yet. And it is well enough to be on the safe side. Let roll."

"Well, here goes," said Harry.

TO MISS POLLY.

When last away in Yankee land,
Or in the warm and "sunny south"—
A scene one holds your gentle hand,
While words of love are flowing forth—
Whilst words of love are flowing forth—
You hearing low the rolling ear,
And listening with a downcast eye
His warm devotion'al to hear,
Which call from you a happy sigh—
Say then, sweet charmer, will you be,
One thought to him who is not near,
Who friendship's feeling had to warn,
And love's remember to forbear?
Oh, may one thought dwell on his fate,
Who now is but your bashful cheater,
And 'mid love's sunshine, clear and warm,
May you remember HARRY CLYMER."

"Very well done, Mr. Clymer. But most treacherous—not quite enough of the cousin; and then you should have flattered a little. Why, you know that pleases a woman so well as a few trowels full of flattery skillfully laid on. See here now—hear mine,"

TO PEGGY, OF N. O.

Some lines I'll write but read attested
'Tis not for commendation.
Of vanity I've long been cured,—
But for your recreation
I study and I scribble much,
Then scratch my head and ponder,
When at last down comes a thought, such
As makes the folks all wonder.
In short, dear Peg, my object is
To write some lines to please you,
That when you're bent to take a kiss,
Or when you're at leisure,
Your eyes upon these lines may rest—
Your thoughts upon the writer.
As one of all your friends the best,
Are one whose heart felt lighter
When e'er it on your presence rested,
Till love was made to flutter,
As nails between the lips at last
Is made to turn to butter.
Then lovely, gazing-gifted maid,
I pray thee to remember
Him, who it has been often said
Is a very great dissembler.
Believe them not, my noble girl,
Believe them not the story;
I swear by Cupid's lovely world
I never yet have seen
Oath of deceit or cloak of cause,
And never fooled, never;
But told my love and made my clymer,
And thus been constant ever
But farewell, Peggy! more I see,
I am your faithful lover;
Remember—Crescent City Rose—
Remember Billy Glover!

"What do you think of that now?" asked Billy, when he had done.

"Don't like it," answered Harry. "It is too much on the sensational order. And then to die for love—or rather, it seems to me rather too far fetched. Neither do I like the line about Cupid's lovely world,' but that 'Crescent City Rose' is right good."

"When a man does the best he can, he can't do any better," said Billy, a little nettled at Harry's criticism.

"So I thought about mine, but you would not let it pass. Like Jack Davis you will do very well, Mr. Glover; only it savors rather strong of that bottle of bounce at your elbow. But hush! some one is at the door.

There was a knock at the door, and in walked Dudittle himself, looking as angry as a young thunder storm.

"Very well, gentlemen—I'll teach you to quiz and flirt with my gals—I will. I'll have you to know that I am the proprietor of this establishment—not Nicholas Scramble with sixty thousand debts in money at your service. Nor do I intend to have my gals made fools of by any such set as your poor, penniless, fortune-hunting Kentucky lovers. My gals are rich! you stamps!"—and the old man paused to recover his breath.

"Exactly so, said Billy, "we understand you distinctly. You are the wealthy grocer from the north, with the handsome daughter and niece."

"Eh! what! 'handsome daughter and niece,' and all that—but did not I hear you say you had no niece with you? Ah, but no you didn't—I'll quiet me in that way, do you! You rapscallions! But wait till I get my pistols, and I'll let you know that I am not to be trifled with.—Lucienne daughter and niece, hey!" And away he went leaving them silently confounded.

"Billy!"

"Harry!"

"What do you say?"

"Say yourself."

"We will have to fight," said Glover.

"I won't do to fight that old man," answered Clymer.

"Not either fight or marry the girls" said Glover.

"No! you go and pay our bills and order the horses. I'll pack the saddle-bags and meet you at the turn on the road."

"What! go off and give up that sixty thousand dollar cruse? No! I'll be—" answered Billy.

"Call that boy you are passing there. Have water! Go and ask Mr. Goblin to come down to No. 13 right off."

"What do you want with him? What on earth can he do?"

"Never mind, Harry—don't be uneasy. I will muster Uncle Jimmy will manage to bring us through somehow," said Billy; "but I rather think I shall be able to fight my own battles."

In a few minutes, along came the old landlord puffing and blowing. "Well, boys, what is the matter? Harry, what's the row? Billy, what's in your hurry. No time to spend idly. Hand times, I tell you. Barely can scratch out a living for my old family and servants."

"Sit down, Uncle Jimmy, I want to talk to you," said Billy. "How did it happen that you never let us know that you were Uncle Jim whose grocer—and we want you to help us out."

"Eh! what! what! the old man. "What! kick old Doolittle! Tell you what, boys—had map that! But we must manage to scramble through with it. Now tell me how it all happen."

"Harry, talk 'cause," said Glover. "I am tired. And Harry did talk, and told all about it.

"Well, boys, I don't see but you have to scratch out—and that is to marry the vixens. Good catch too, by the bye! Much better than other fellows' girls. Might scramble a whole fortune out of him, and set myself up for life. Yes, boys, I'll do it. Which one of those gals is the old man's daughter?"

"Which one? ha! ha! you fooled too! ha! ha! ha! Why, uncle Jimmy, we both like Peggy best. You see when his first visit was made, she left Polly, and then the old man went off to Yankee land where he came from, and left her with her grandmamma, and married his first wife's sister; and then Peggy was born—and as the gals are cousins, just as they have pretended to be, to plague the lawyer about here. But make up your minds you have to get the old fellow will be here directly. And he'll fight too! He will! Better take my advice and marry the gals, for, as I said before, I say again he can't scratch up sixty thousand in ready money, and you had better take it than give up a cent. I will just tell him about the farms your uncle left you, and I will soon have him in my clutches. Nothing will please him so well as to know that you are not as poor as he imagines."

"*The boys*" finally agreed that Uncle Jimmy might venture to say that their intentions were honorable—and away he went. He met Father Doolittle emerging from his own room, looking very savage, and as soon "as spoilt claret," and filling on down to the young men's room. He took him by the arm and led him off. What he said, tradition hath not handed down, but we presume it was satisfactory.

In a short time, our grocer called to see the young gentlemen (as he now termed them), and was very much pleased with them—thought Peggy was becoming over head and heels in love with Harry, and fancying with a downcast eye

His warm devotion'al to hear,

Which call from you a happy sigh—

Say then, sweet charmer, will you be,

One thought to him who is not near,

Who friendship's feeling had to warn,

And love's remember to forbear?

Oh, may one thought dwell on his fate,

Who now is but your bashful cheater,

And 'mid love's sunshine, clear and warm,

May you remember HARRY CLYMER."

"Very well done, Mr. Clymer. But most treacherous—not quite enough of the cousin; and then you should have flattered a little. Why, you know that pleases a woman so well as a few trowels full of flattery skillfully laid on. See here now—hear mine,"

TO PEGGY, OF N. O.

Some lines I'll write but read attested
'Tis not for commendation.
Of vanity I've long been cured,—
But for your recreation
I study and I scribble much,
Then scratch my head and ponder,
When at last down comes a thought, such
As makes the folks all wonder.
In short, dear Peg, my object is
To write some lines to please you,
That when you're bent to take a kiss,
Or when you're at leisure,
Your eyes upon these lines may rest—
Your thoughts upon the writer.
As one of all your friends the best,
Are one whose heart felt lighter
When e'er it on your presence rested,
Till love was made to flutter,
As nails between the lips at last
Is made to turn to butter.
Then lovely, gazing-gifted maid,
I pray thee to remember
Him, who it has been often said
Is a very great dissembler.
Believe them not, my noble girl,
Believe them not the story;
I swear by Cupid's lovely world
I never yet have seen
Oath of deceit or cloak of cause,
And never fooled, never;
But told my love and made my clymer,
And thus been constant ever
But farewell, Peggy! more I see,
I am your faithful lover;
Remember—Crescent City Rose—
Remember Billy Glover!

"What do you think of that now?" asked Billy, when he had done.

"Don't like it," answered Harry. "It is too much on the sensational order. And then to die for love—or rather, it seems to me rather too far fetched. Neither do I like the line about 'Cupid's lovely world,' but that 'Crescent City Rose' is right good."

"When a man does the best he can, he can't do any better," said Billy, a little nettled at Harry's criticism.

"So I thought about mine, but you would not let it pass. Like Jack Davis you will do very well, Mr. Glover; only it savors rather strong of that bottle of bounce at your elbow. But hush! some one is at the door.

There was a knock at the door, and in walked Dudittle himself, looking as angry as a young thunder storm.

"Very well, gentlemen—I'll teach you to quiz and flirt with my gals—I will. I'll have you to know that I am the proprietor of this establishment—not Nicholas Scramble with sixty thousand debts in money at your service. Nor do I intend to have my gals made fools of by any such set as your poor, penniless, fortune-hunting Kentucky lovers. My gals are rich! you stamps!"—and the old man paused to recover his breath.

"Exactly so, said Billy, "we understand you distinctly. You are the wealthy grocer from the north, with the handsome daughter and niece."

"Eh! what! 'handsome daughter and niece,' and all that—but did not I hear you say you had no niece with you? Ah, but no you didn't—I'll quiet me in that way, do you! You rapscallions! But wait till I get my pistols, and I'll let you know that I am not to be trifled with.—Lucienne daughter and niece, hey!" And away he went leaving them silently confounded.

"Billy!"

"Harry!"

"What do you say?"

"Say yourself."

"We will have to fight," said Glover.

"I won't do to fight that old man," answered Clymer.

"Not either fight or marry the girls" said Glover.

"No! you go and pay our bills and order the horses. I'll pack the saddle-bags and meet you at the turn on the road."

"What! go off and give up that sixty thousand dollar cruse? No! I'll be—" answered Billy.

"Call that boy you are passing there. Have water! Go and ask Mr. Goblin to come down to No. 13 right off."

"What do you want with him? What on earth can he do?"

"Never mind, Harry—don't be uneasy. I will muster Uncle Jimmy will manage to bring us through somehow," said Billy; "but I rather think I shall be able to fight my own battles."

In a few minutes, along came the old landlord puffing and blowing. "Well, boys, what is the matter? Harry, what's the row? Billy, what's in your hurry. No time to spend idly. Hand times, I tell you. Barely can scratch out a living for my old family and servants."

"Sit down, Uncle Jimmy, I want to talk to you," said Billy. "How did it happen that you never let us know that you were Uncle Jim whose grocer—and we want you to help us out."

"Eh! what! what! the old man. "What! kick old Doolittle! Tell you what, boys—had map that! But we must manage to scramble through with it. Now tell me how it all happen."

"Harry, talk 'cause," said Glover. "I am tired. And Harry did talk, and told all about it.

"Well, boys, I don't see but you have to scratch out—and that is to marry the vixens. Good catch too, by the bye! Much better than other fellows' girls. Might scramble a whole fortune out of him, and set myself up for life. Yes, boys, I'll do it. Which one of those gals is the old man's daughter?"

"Which one? ha! ha! you fooled too! ha! ha! ha! Why, uncle Jimmy, we both like Peggy best. You see when his first visit was made, she left Polly, and then the old man went off to Yankee land where he came from, and left her with her grandmamma, and married his first wife's sister; and then Peggy was born—and as the gals are cousins, just as they have pretended to be, to plague the lawyer about here. But make up your minds you have to get the old fellow will be here directly. And he'll fight too! He will! Better take my advice and marry the gals, for, as I said before, I say again he can't scratch up sixty thousand in ready money, and you had better take it than give up a cent. I will just tell him about the farms your uncle left you, and I will soon have him in my clutches. Nothing will please him so well as to know that you are not as poor as he imagines."

"*The boys*" finally agreed that Uncle Jimmy might venture to say that their intentions were honorable—and away he went. He met Father Doolittle emerging from his own room, looking very savage, and as soon "as spoilt claret," and filling on down to the young men's room. He took him by the arm and led him off. What he said, tradition hath not handed down, but we presume it was satisfactory.

In a short time, our grocer called to see the young gentlemen (as he now termed them), and was very much pleased with them—thought Peggy was becoming over head and heels in love with Harry, and fancying that his con ar of gentility and good breeding about them. And if they wished to marry, why in the world did they not say so? If they liked the gals and were in earnest, why old Doolittle could not do too much for them. He had how many acres of land had they? any property besides? what kind of buildings?

But, reader, I weary your patience. Suffice it to say, that all things were explained to every one's satisfaction—that upon a further acquaintance, the young people were mutually pleased—that they were married—Harry to Polly, and Billy to Peggy, and that a fine portion of Grocer Goblin's heart displeases a woman so well as a few trowels full of flattery skillfully laid on. See here now—hear mine,"

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER SIXTY-FIVE.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN ROME—MONTE CAVALLO—THE BATHS OF DIOCLESIAN—ST. MARIA DEGLI ANGELI—SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE—THE LATERAN—TEMPLE OF VESTA—SEPULCHRE OF CAIUS CESTIUS—TOMB OF SHELLEY AND KEATS—THE COLISEUM AT SUNSET.

Rome, January 1, 1846.

New Year's Day in the Eternal City! It will be something to say in after years, that I have seen one year open in *Rome*—that, while my distant friends were making up the winter wilderness, the gayest and cleer around the merry bells, I have walked in sunshine by the ruins of the Coliseum, watched the orange glowing and with golden fruitage in the Farnese gardens, trodden the ancient meadow around the sepulchre of Caius Cestius, and stood by the graves of Shelley, Keats, and Salvator Rosa. Let me see if I can remember the whole history of this day. I rose early, and went to the window, to look upon the sky. On each side of an obelisk of Egyptian granite, before which was the fountain of Monte Cavallo, was a magnificent bronze basin, found in the old Forum. The statues, entirely loosened by age, are considered the finest specimens of horses art, and whether or not from the great masters, show in all their proportions, the conception of lofty genius.

Going out along the ramparts of the hills, we reached the remains of the Baths of Diocletian—of even greater extent than those of Caracalla, but far more dilapidated and defaced. Great masses of brick walls and broken arches are all that remain. In the midst of the ruined palace is the Church of Santa Maria Degli Angeli, built by Michael Angelo, and considered to be one of the finest in Rome. The great hall of the baths, with its pillars of massive granite (one is now standing), has been converted into the form of a Greek cross, and covered with a dome. The structure is simple, but on a stately and noble grandeur. The floor is paved with colored and marble, and between the mighty pillars are the tombs of Marini and Tomasini. Near the high altar is a glorious painting of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, by Domenichino. Salvator Rosa is buried on the vestibule, and the hill on which the church stands was his favorite resort at evening, to look on the sunset fading away over Rome. Not far from here are the remains of a theatre and temple, which belonged to the wife of Sallust, and one can still walk along the mound of service Tullius and look over the walls of Rome, at the distant Sabine Hills.

The Church of *Santa Maria Maggiore* stands on the ancient Viminal Hill. It is of very large size, and the long interior is roofed with ancient beams, floored with precious marbles. Two side galleries supported on ancient granite pillars, run along its whole length, and at one end is a magnificent baldacrin covered with gold. It was thronged with worshippers as we passed through, and two files of soldiers were ranged along the nave.

We kept on our way between gardens filled with orange groves, and the gleaming fruit reminded me of Mignon's beautiful reminiscence—"Im dunkeln Laub die Gold thranen glühn." Rome, although subject to cold winds from the Apennines, seems to me still a climate that oranges and palm trees grow in the open air, without protection. Dates and pomegranates bloom the whole winter, in the open air, never-failing green.

The beauty of the Lateran equals St. Peters in magnificence, though its size is much smaller. The walls are covered with gorgeous hangings of velvet embroidered with gold, and before the high altar, which glitters with precious stones are four pillars of gilt bronze, said to be those which Augustus made of the spars of Egyptian ships captured at the Battle of Actium. The marble nave contains colossal statues of the twelve Apostles, but in a style too massive for nature and the whole church is filled with gilding and brilliant colors, resembles a vast illuminated missal. The tomb of Clement XII., in the centre, is adorned with two pillars of porphyry, and a splendid antique urn, of the same stone, stolen from the Pantheon.

We descended the hill to the Coliseum, and passing under the Arch of Constantine, walked along the sacred road, trodden by the feet of the Triumph of Vesta—a beautiful little relic which has been singularly spared by the devastations that have overthrown so many mightier fabrics. It is of Parian stone, surrounded by fourteen Corinthian columns, thirty-six feet in height, a shapely kind roof now takes the place of the elegant cornice which once gash the connecting chain to its perfect proportions. Close at hand are the remains of the temple of Fortuna Virilis, of which some four pillars alone are left, and the house of Cola di Rienzi near the Capitol Tribune of Rome.

As we approached the walls, the sepulchre of Caius Cestius came in sight—a single solid pyramid, one hundred feet in height. The walls are built against it, and the light spar rises far above the massive gate beside it, which was erected by Belisarius. But there were other tombs at hand, for which we had more sympathy than that of the forgotten Roman, and we turned away to look for the graves of Shelley and Keats.

They lie in the Protestant burying ground, on the side of a mound that slopes gently up to the old wall of Rome, beside the pyramid of Cestius. The swallows were still wild and active, and were Harry's old dances, and the soft green of the Italian ; me mingles with the dark cypress above the slumberers. Hope grows over its ashes, and the sweet bay and laurus or rosemary make the air fresh and fragrant. There is a solemn, mournful beauty about the place, grass and *scarcity* as it is, and beside the flattering walls of Ancient Rome, that takes away all the gloomy associations of death, and links one well to the dust, too, when his thread shall be spun out to the end.

We found first the simple head-stone of Keats, alone, in the grassy meadow. Its inscription states that on his death bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malice of his enemies, he desired these words to be written on his tombstone: *"Here lies one whose name was written in water."* Not far from him repose the ash of Shelley.

Shelley himself lies at the top of the shaded slope, a little below a path by the wall, surrounded by tall cypresses. A little hedge of rose and bay surrounds his grave, which bears the simple inscription—

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, Cor Cordium:

"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

Glorious, but misguided Shelley! He sleeps calmly now in that silent nook, and the sir around his grave is filled with sighs from those who mourn that the bright, versatile star should have been blotted out ere it reached the zenith of its mounting fame. Upon it a leaf from the fragrant bay, as a token of his fame, and a sprig of cypress from the bough that bent lowest over his grave; and passing between the tombs shaded with blooming rose and covered with unwithered garlands, left the lovely spot.

Amid the excitement of continually changing scenes, I have forgotten to mention my first visit to the Coliseum. The day after our arrival we set out with two English friends to see it by sunset. Passing by the glorious fountain of Trevi, we made our way to the Forum, and from thence took the road to the Coliseum lined on both sides with the remains of splendid edifices. The grass grown ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars stretched along on our right, and as our feet passed in succession the granite front of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the three grand Arches of the Temple of Peace and the Temple of the Temple of Venus and Rome. We passed under the ruined triumphal arch of Titus, with bolder frieze representing the taking of Jerusalem, and the mighty walls of the Coliseum suddenly rose before us. They grew in grandeur as we approached them, and when at length we stood in the centre, with the shattered arches and broken walls rising above and beyond one another, for around us, the red light of sunset giving a soft and melancholy beauty, I was fain to remain there for other thought of grandeur had entered my mind, which I have not yet left.

A majesty like that of nature clothes this wonderful edifice. Walls rise above walls, and arches on arches, from every side of the grand arena, and like a sweep of craggy, pinnacled mountains around an oval lake. The two outer circles have nearly entirely disappeared, but have been swept by the reparation soldiers of Rome, during the middle ages, to build their palaces with. When entire, and filled with six hundred thousand spectators, it was said to exceeded any pageant which the world can now produce. No wonder it was said

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls, the world!"

—a prediction, which time has not verified. The world is now going forward, prouder than ever, and though we thank Rome for the legacy she has left us, we should not wish the dust of her ruin to comfort our path.

While standing in the arena, impressed with the spirit of the scene around me, which gave more spectral and melancholy as the dusk of evening began to fill up the lonelier arches, my eye was arrested by the strange figure ranged around the space doubtless to remove the pollution of paganism. Each of these bore his glaring cruse, and as the middle of the arena was reached, granting an absolution of forty days to all who knew it. Now, although a simple cross in the centre might be very appropriate, both as a token of the bronze devotion of Telemachus and the triumph of a true religion over the barbarism of the Past, this congregation of ulcerous and unbloody priestess mars very much the unity of association as necessary to the perfect enjoyment of any such scene.

We saw the flush of sunset fade behind the Capitoline Hill, and passed homeward by the Forum, as the last rays of evening rested on the ruins of the tall through the twilight. I am going to visit them often again, and "meditate amongst decay." It seems to grow attached to their lonely grandeur. A quiet, almost human, seems to speak from the desolation, and there is something in the very trees ornaries it silent, that strikes an answering chord in my own breast.

J. R. T.

Original Poetry.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY HOWARD STANLEY.

The Fox that lived my love from me
In false one his bridal vow;
Her blossoming cheeks fragrancy
Fall on a stern, severed brow;
The wild white scene, that o'er it blow fold
An angel might contended be,
Encircle one whose heart is cold
To love and love's idolatry.

Oh! he willOve: I ever gaze
Even on the cloth gaze on him—
No glance rewards my silent praise
From those meek orbs in heaven that roam,
And like a large and lonely moon,
She moves around her destined sun,
Taking that with her keeps of love
And seems the beauty that is won.

Oh, it were more than death, to see
Her eye once more intentest turn
For still a mournful sympathy
Forever and from outer blight,
But though his smile would read that to,
My lot and only joy, to mourn,
Yet welcome were my misery,
If her pale cheek might bloom again.

FAREWELL.—To feel is amiable, but to feel too much is weakness. To be sad is well, but to be habit of giving way to sensibility, which we should endeavor to regulate, though not eradicate, may end in morbid melancholy of mind, which is the parent to romantic persons very gentle and very interesting; but only undoubtedly renders its victims very unfit for the business of life, and very unable to console in sorrow, and when they end in themselves, they are considered to be one good person than I know of. This is the chief reason why novels are so dangerous to young persons. My dear daughter will be reminded that I say this from motives of the tenderest affections to her, and because I would have her not unlike the good and amiable creatures of her heart, but direct them rightly. I would not have my child become one of those of whom it may be said that they feel, and only feel. It is the most absurd and useless of all characters.

—*Bishop Sandford.*

SILENCE.—We believe it was Byron who desired glory "to be shot through the body, and your name spelt wrong in the newspapers announcing your death.

For Young Men.

THE BEAR CHASE.
A Souvenir of an Old Hunter.

One evening, a short time after the battle of Fontenoy (1745), a group of the king's body-guard was congregated near the Latona basin, at Versailles, listening to two of their number discussing a subject which at that time was rarely a matter of controversy in military circles.

"Come, let us shut after a public affront!" exclaimed the tallest of the speakers, whose bronzed features were rendered almost ferocious by a thick red moustache. "I'll tell a man that all the waters of the deluge would not wash away."

I repeat, Monsieur de Malatour," replied the other in a calm, deliberate tone, "that there is more courage in refusing than in accepting a duel. What is more common than to yield to passion, scry, or vengeance; and what more rare than to resist them? Therefore it is a virtue when exhibited at the price of public opinion; for what costs nothing, is extremely as worth nothing."

"A marvel! Monsieur d'Argenton, I would advise you, since the king gives you the command of a company, to have engraven upon the salons of the soldiers, the commandment—*Thou shalt be no coward!*"

"Cowards themselves have their moments of courage."

"And the brave also their moments of fear."

"The expression is not that of a gentleman."

"It is that of a soldier," said Malatour, whose family equaled either of ours, and who avowed that he was not exempt from such moments. Everybody has heard of his duel in Conflict to a knighthood, performed in his presence that he had never known fear. He suddenly passed a light under the speaker's nose, certainly drew back (in fact, he was), and the great amusement of the bystanders, who laughed heartily at this singular mode of testing the other's assertion.

"None but a marshal of France had dared to try such a pleasantry. To our subject, sir. I maintain that a friend is as valuable as a kingdom, and nothing was heard but the confused tramp of feet, blending with the noise of the distant farmer, or, at intervals, the cry of some belated night bird flying heavily homeward in the doubtful glimmer of the yet unappearing moon.

As the party reached the crest of the mountain which immediately overhung the chateau, the first rays of the sun breaking from the east glanced on the summit of the Pyrenees and suddenly illuminated the landscape. Discovered beneath them a deep valley, covered with majestic pine-trees, which intermixed in the fresh breeze of the morning.

The chateau, which was the property of a cascade fell for some hundreds of feet through a cleft which divided the mountain from the summit to the base of the valley. Then it expanded, and, while tenfold the primitive convulsions of our globe, the chasm was surmounted by a natural bridge—the piles of granite of each side being joined by one immense rock, almost seeming to verify the fable of the Titans; for it appeared impossible that these enormous masses of stone could have ever been raised to such an elevation by human agency. Sinister legends were attached to the place, and the more imaginative recounted with terror that no hunter, with the exception of the parson, had ever been pasted at the bridge of Mauze without becoming the prey of either the bears or the precipice. But the parson was too good a Christian to partake of this fellowcreaturely infirmity, and he attributed the safety to its real cause—the calmness arising from the sight of the bears and the precipice combined, by destroying the hunter's presence of mind, and, in fact, unnerving, and his death the inevitable consequence. He could not, however, altogether divest himself of fears for his young master, who habitually persevered in his intention of occupying the bridge with his antagonist.

After placing the baron's companions at posts which he considered the most advantageous, the parson, with his son, and disposing them so as to accompass the valley during the cascade, commanded the utmost silence to be preserved until they should hear the distant bark of a dog—a signal that the mastiffs were to be unleashed, the instruments sounded, and all to move slowly forward, contracting their circle as they approached the cascade. These arrangements being made, the parson and his dog, followed by the mastodon alone, disappeared in the depths of the wood.

For some minutes the silence had remained unbroken, when suddenly a furious baying commenced accompanied by low growling. Each prepared his arms, the instruments sounded, and the mastiffs being let loose, precipitated themselves pell mell in the direction of the struggle. Their furious barking was soon confounded with the cries of the hunters, the echoes of the mountains, mingled with the formidable growling of the bears,

"Take your arms," said the young baron, quickly replacing in his hands the cuirass; "have on your courselets—they must not see you unarmed; and, nearer, not a word of all this."

"Look!" said he to his companions as they gathered around, pointing to the cuirass he wore—"it was to such . . . Rose, Monsieur de Maineur, I wait your orders, and am ready to give the satisfaction you require."

The latter made no reply, but reached out his hand, which Villerstein cordially shook.

That evening a banquet was given to celebrate the double victory. Towards the end of the repast a toast to "the vanquishers" was proposed, and immediately accepted. Monsieur d'Argente, glass in hand, rose to pledge it, when Malateur, after rising, held his arm, exclaiming:—"To the noble vanquished of the day!—to our noble host! It was he alone who killed the two bears, and if, through his generosity, I have allowed the illusion to last so long, it was simply for this reason: the affront which I gave him was a public one—the reparation ought to be public likewise. I now declare that Monsieur de Villerstein is the bravest of the brave, and that I shall maintain it towards all and against all."

"The time, at least, I shall not take up your pastime," said Monsieur d'Argente.

"There's a brave young man!" cried the parents, whom his manner had inducted at the table, and who endeavored to conceal a furtive tear. "Nothing could better prove to you that, while in the experience, you will be as calm in the presence of bears, as you are, I am sure, in the face of an enemy."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1846.

TERMS.

Single copies $5 per annum or a fraction—$3 if required in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years. To Clubs we make the following liberal offers, viz:

2 COPIES,	$3.00	PER ANNUM
5 "	$10.00	" "
12 "	$15.00	" "
21 "	$25.00	" "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Remarks must always state the Post Office county and State to which they are to be sent, or they cannot be attended to.

The money must always be sent in advance.

Small Notes of solvent Banks received in payment of par.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Family Magazine" will be sent one year each.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, one copy of the Lady's Book, and one copy of "Sears' *Pictorial Family Magazine*." Or two copies of the Saturday Evening Post," and one copy of "Sears' *Pictorial Magazine*."

We will send one copy of Graham's elegant Magazine, one of Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for $5. *Or for copies of the Saturday Evening Post and two copies of Graham's Magazine, or two copies of Godey's Lady's Book for* $10.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or the Lady's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are in arrears for this paper

James Waugh, formerly of St. Louis, Missouri.
Of George L. Yankee, formerly of Genesee, Ohio.
Of Mr. John Irwin, formerly of Thompson Town, Pa.
Of Jacob Greenwalt, formerly of Quigley, Ill. Illinois.
Of Y. F. Cotter, P. M., formerly of Richburgh, N. Y.
Of Gabriel Talbert, formerly of New York City.
Of Cyrus Bush, formerly of Springfield, Mass.
Of H. G. Morgan, formerly of Alton, New York.
Of Wm. B. Ford, formerly of Chillicothe, Ohio.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lee, post-office binding a grave in a secluded spot, we must respectfully decline—though we would advise the interment.

The Love or Hate, we must also respectfully decline.

Silver Spring, is accepted.

Thought, we would most respectfully decline. The "two succors" in question, we have not the remotest idea of, indeed, as we cannot find them among our deformed manuscripts.

THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

We have sometimes asked ourselves in consulting the future destiny of America, whether the common belief were true that this country is designed under Providence to tower out a great light for the nations of the earth to walk in, or whether we are to tread the same old beaten track of national and individual selfishness and aggrandizement that Empire has in her day, and that England has pursued in our own times to the extent of her power. That this country is destined in the providence of God to mark out a new era in the history of the world, is conformed to a great degree by the fact which we have alluded to, that such is the common impression not only among our own people but to a great extent among foreign nations. We shall therefore take it for granted in the present article that such is the case, and proceed to offer some remarks upon the conduct, both as individuals and as a nation, that such a distinguished mark of Heaven's favor imposes upon us.

For it is well always to keep in remembrance that destiny is never absolute, but conditional. Be it a man or a nation, the reason for a great work is the condition it carries with it. Neglect that and the condition is the promise of those virtues which led to his being singled out in the first instance from which his fellows. Twice never was a more dangerous idea propagated than that of an absolute destiny, either for men or for nations. Duly as the law is conformity to the great laws of justice and right, can they be ascertained as favored instruments of Him whose object is the establishment of perfect justice and perfect right upon the earth. The Jews invaded Canaan under a divine sanction, and they were promised the victory over its inhabitants. But it was always under the expressed or implied condition that they should keep the commandments of that had been delivered to them—or else they abandoned those that moment they subjected themselves to possible reprobation and defeat.

But in order that both individually and collectively, the American people should fulfil their great mission wisely and faithfully it were well in the first place that we should endeavor to comprehend what that mission is. If we have an object before us, perceptible by the eye of the mind, and by that object steadily in view, we shall guard far more against any deviation from it than if we merely trust to the blind, however true impulses of the heart. What then is that object which the American people, as the servant of God in the world steadily upon, should keep constantly before their vision? It is a Model Republic—a republic such as shall truly glorify God by being a blessing and a glory to man.

But opinions may differ, it will be said, as to what would constitute such a republic. We know it; and therefore think it well to enter into an examination of the constituents of a nation that we may as a people, be able to come to some conclusion as to what things are necessary to constitute such a government; and, if such be found to be wanting, we may see to steer at these deficiencies at almost and malaise, and to say, well, now you have determined what would be the best thing to do in a perfect republic, how much have you gained? For depend upon it, let it once be settled in the minds of men as an abstract conception, that a government and institutions of a certain kind are right, and the utmost and unshaken support will be necessarily, though, perhaps, unconsciously at work, to bring about an order of things resembling as near as it is possible the ideal which we have formed of the spiritual, the beautiful ideal to their souls.

What then would be a Model Republic? We ask the question, but will not have the presumption to attempt to answer it in toto. We leave to other pens, pens untrammeled by that compact of neutrality which we have made with our country, to depict the beautiful lineaments of a portrait upon whose real features not even the serious shall, at some coming period, gaze. We may not attempt the task: but in its stead may only trace a few faint outlines in which we trust our readers will be able to organize some truths that they have often felt, or not expressed themselves.

Let us start boldly with one inquiry—do luxury and pomp comport with republican principles? Are not simplicity and frugality necessary fundamentals of any picture true may conceive of an ideal Model Republic? We think so. Not only do we think them, but we declare it to be our first belief, that extravagance and luxury, if carried to any great extent by any considerable portion of the people of a country, are necessarily destructive of republican equality and christian virtue. The contagion has been in a man's habits of thought and his mode of living, in much more intimate than many persons imagine. Effectively, luxurious living will produce effeminate minds. When finding your wealthy with the spoils of conquered nations, and her inhabitants reduced to the most abject state of misery, one of the ancestors who had given her renown, she became enervated, and finally—the mighty queen of the world—fell a prey to a selfish love of ease and of their own safety, and to a selfish indifference to the misery and to their country; and that proud city of the seven hills opened her gates to the barbarian at the period of her greatest opulence and splendor.

Every body, knowing that the great lesson all history and experience teaches, is the necessary connection between luxury and profligacy, profligacy and crime, all that feeling of true manliness that will revive the tendency in our wealthy men to spe the pomp and splendor of monarchical Europe. Let us never say that by luxury and waste they are encouraging our artizans, and distributing their vast fortunes among the people—they are doing a hundred fold more harm to the morals of the people by encouraging a love for splendor and extravagance, than all the good they do by the direct channel in which they put into their hands. It accuses us to hear men justify that extravagance which is really prejudicial to the people from a false pride and love of luxury, by the plea of doing good to the poor. If they really do wish to benefit the poor, let them do it in every way that ought to feel, that he has no right to use his wealth for his own selfish gratification, but that he is the steward of God—and will be held him accountable for the use that he makes of what has been so liberally bestowed upon him, they will find a difficulty in disposing of their surplus means as there are half a dozen young men, for Capitalist, whom you know to be poor and deserving; give them a capital to start them in business. There are two or three old men, men of integrity and high character, who began life with you, and whom you have known ever beyond, but who have not succeeded like you, and are now struggling with the world; make them comfortable in the state of their days, and their dying bed easy and happy. None of your lumbings at legal interest or at usury, or the Scripture has it that they are to be lent, asking in return. Here are our friends at Nantucket, fathers of families in easy circumstances yesterday, now without a cent in the world—all lost by the failure of the money kept intent upon doing good,—there is a chance for a cool hundred thousand, at once, and you can see in it yourself that it is well laid out. Are you satisfied yet, that it is no very difficult thing in this needy world, to dispose of your surplus income? would we have not touched upon charitable societies, or the beggars in the street.

We hold then, in these degenerate times, to republican plainness, economy and simplicity, as the only oil of hope. If we permit our people generally indulge in luxury and splendor will they lose the manly virtues of our revolutionary sires. Our fathers were called in the Mother country and deeds were like the oaks in our forests. They had hands that were not too dainty to take hold of the rugged insects of things as they were, and fashion them with stalwart, rugged labor into the most perfect specimens of comeliness and beauty the world had ever seen. But such men, the strange hints of a purer and better order of things—are not to be found in these days.

We must, however, draw this article to a close. It was not our object so much to answer ourselves the question we have propped, as to suggest food consideration to others. As to the remarks we have made upon the tendency everywhere observable, but strongly so in our large cities, to luxury and show, we shall be satisfied if our hasty words but confirm in the minds of our readers a true republican simplicity. It is our conviction, therefore, devotedly. But we know not how better to conclude than brief range of thought, we have found it, and the support at a very high authority, than to quote a sonnet of the poet Wordsworth's, bearing upon the condition of the people of our country:

"Oh, Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean knack ready at sideways, look,
One grand indifference, and the rest all trick,
Pride in appearance, fear to be unlike
In dress and creed. But who is happy here?
Who cannot learn to scorn at once the low
Delights of wealth? Religion, passion, reason,
Joy in industry; and those sacred ties
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of good sense is gone,
Our wealthier men and women chase, in place
Of these, fantastic toys, as fickle and as fine,
And more precarious; and our poets know
Nothing that's higher, yet dread to be low."

"THE CRADLE."

"Rock-a-by, Lady."—Nursery Ballad

We perceive our neighbor of the Saturday Courier has concentrated the publication of Rotlin in the above beautiful paper. We are not sure that it is the object proposed to be gained by this "new feature," but suppose it is done to create an extra demand for the Courier among the ladies. It doubtless will be of great benefit to that estimable to him, entrusted for the conveyance of his sentiments places at which their services may be needed; though we think Mr McMachin will before long find it necessary to publish, as we have seen in a paper —somewhat in the style that the British Court Journal annually uses towards Queen Victoria—a list of the places where he can make the necessary inquiries and arrangements. We trust now that the proprietor of the Courier has taken on several Babies to have them ready for the cradle when the "order" for prolongs the protection of his sheet that he will be favored by the lady, though it may be a little scarce and warm approval of her friends. It was supposed that the beloved guilt of the man who acted so adroitly, would demand her affections, and the young merchant was encouraged to renew his addresses. But they who were intimate with the fair knew not of the deep devotion of woman's heart. She not only rejected the polished alliance, but in the bitterness of her grief, uttered up by the intensity of her own love and anguish, sympathies which the world had never dreamed of. And that is a gal eloquence and fluence could do, to screen him from the penalty of his crime, was done but in vain. He was convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for five years.

There is yet another party in this romance of real life. A young merchant of Philadelphia, by the name of Bell, had been for two years ardently attached to Miss P. His suit was not favorably received by her lady, though for a time her visits were cheered by smiles. That is a romance, which it is in the power of the press to do justice to.

THE TARIFF BILL.

Since our Congressional news was made up, we have received the bill, as it has finally passed both the Senate, has passed the House by a vote of 117 to 93, and only awaits the signature of the President to become a law.

Notices of New Works.

The Bible the Koran, and the Talmud; or, Bible Lessons, drawn from the Moslem and Rabbinical Archives, and compared with Jewish traditions. By Dr. G. W. Bush, Professor of Hebrew, and Isaac Stuart, &c. *New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.* This is a book which we predict a great circulation. It is a kind of ingenious dissertation, on the Koran and the Talmud, in the form of dialogues between a Christian, a Jew and a Mussulman. It contains an episode of Adam, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Moses and Aaron, Joshua, Samuel, Saul, David, Solomon, and the Queen of Sheb; Shuhur, John, Mary and Christ. These topics are treated with much learning and ingenuity, but there is that wisdom and extravagance about them which is not to be expected in a "romance." They are apart from the intrinsic charm of these productions as additional interest is imparted to them by the knowledge of the author's profound learning. The work, in fact, is mainly imported to the great founder of Islamism, but there is nothing in it to any many of the errors recorded in these legends are, the moral lesson inculcated is nothing the less important. We would also there is a continual attempt throughout to corroborate, in various ways, the cognizance claimed for Mohammed as the latest of the prophets. The work is a valuable contribution to the literature of the day.

Tales of Shakspeare. *By Mrs. Miller, Author of the Women of Christianity exemplified in Private Life.* &c. &c. This is a work professedly illustrative of "the varieties of human character," and contains two tales from Shakspeare, viz: Much Ado about Nothing, and Mrs. Miller states in her preface that "we shall never be more rightly understood by the public than in our future productions, until we have made ourselves intimately acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of different Dramatists." We have not read these tales, but the name of Mrs. Ellis is a guarantee that they will be perused with interest. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, corner of Chestnut and Fourth Streets.*

Sketches. We have received from *Lindsay & Blakiston*, No. 7 and 9 of Harper's Illuminated Shakespeare and No. 37 of the same publishers superb illustrated edition of The Waverley Novels.

Littell's Living Age. *Zieber & Co* have sent us another number of this valuable periodical, which continues the strong of the English reviewers and magazines.

The Statement of the Commonwealth vs. Edgar. *By Lieut. Col. Childs, late Colonel Inspector General, &c. &c. Published by J. O. Childs, New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.* This is a pamphlet of the most remarkable character, assertions their the knight of the levers of liberty, whether their lot be cast in England, France, or the United States. Nations, as great and noble as ever stemmed successfully the down rushing tyrants of the tide of time, have sprung upon the arrogant—Hamilton, Cromwell, Vane, Elliot, Pym, and Hampden, have left their spirit behind them, and for which they stood—men that have left their impress upon the ages, and whose bold daring, in the cause of liberty, will be a theme for public men and orators in a great extent in England, and to their full extent in this new world. And full fifty years hence, as now, will the bold and high born strain with pride and exultation. They are our sires, and we their children—and, as long as a spark of life and a flesh. We trace back our ancestry, not to the Kings laborer of the present day, but to the Kings barons of the Commonwealth, in whose it swung all that is free and magnanimous and noble in England as she is now. Will, therefore, be, that we should read and make ourselves familiar with the great Statesmen of the Commonwealth, and that we become public men ourselves. Let the present poor, their store integrity, their love of liberty, and their high republican principles. Never was there a time when more closely the evil of change for the sake of change, or the folly of stability for the mere sake of stability—and that will be the best government for us that has the most power to secure the blessings of liberty to the greatest number.

We have heard it observed that principalizing in England is fast becoming unfashionable. One of the sporting papers, the Era, announces its withdrawal from the "principling," the editor closing with an article against the sports as at present conducted, complaining of the ruffians and ruffianism with which the sports and pastimes of the people degenerated (when was it otherwise?) and finishing his farewell address in these words: "We leave the evil-doing quality of self-destruction—horrifying down the current of the world's opinion, to be buried in the oblivion of contempt. Now that is exactly what we have in England. God has been pleased to bless us ever since—and when it does die, the verdict that the world will pronounce upon it will be that it died of the *Puritans.*" We are inclined to think, however, that Mr. Hampden was the real founder of them all," and the only one calculated to organize a Republic. His character very much resembled that of Washington. In power and like him an universal popularity, and an undoubted patriotism, and if he had been born in the new world instead of the old, he would have drawn all hearts around him. We have named Hampden as one of the rising of government, he did the best he could according to his genius. He was at least a man of virtue and a friend to mankind, and he died in the cause of liberty, while Hampden was a man of genius. Did we have the time to examine in detail the causes which led to the civil wars in England, we fear that we should find that the seeds of the tyranny and misery which the people endured were sown by the hands and corrupted by the lips of the very men who were the most eminent in the kingdom, and who, by their influence and example, should have been in almost constant duty near the Sovereign's person. We refer to the Bishops, the Peers, the Ministers of State, the Members of Parliament, the Commissioners of Revenue, the Judges, the Lord Lieutenants of Counties, the Justices of the Peace, the Sheriffs, the Officers of the Army and Navy, the Ambassadors, the Members of the Privy Council, the Lords of the Bedchamber, the Grooms of the Stole, the Gentlemen Pensioners, the Gentlemen of the Horse, the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, the Gentlemen Ushers, the Esquires of the Body, the Gentlemen Waiters, the Clerks of the Closet, the Chaplains in Ordinary, the Physicians in Ordinary, the Surgeons in Ordinary, the Apothecaries in Ordinary, the Chamberlains, the Treasurers, the Comptrollers, the Cofferers, the Masters of the Wardrobe, the Masters of the Jewel House, the Masters of the Mint, the Masters of the Ordnance, the Masters of the Armory, the Masters of the Revels, the Masters of the Tents, the Masters of the Harriers, the Masters of the Buckhounds, the Masters of the Foxhounds, the Masters of the Staghounds, the Masters of the Footbuck Hounds, the Masters of the Hare Hounds, the Masters of the Bear Hounds, the Masters of the Game, the Masters of the Horse, the Masters of the Footmen, the Masters of the Pages

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, O. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, F. J. Hawes and Geo. W. Beaver.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. P. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, O. H. P. Stem, William H. Weld, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

Congressional News.

The long agony is over. The Senate have passed the new Tariff Bill by the vote of Mr. Jarnagin and the casting vote of George M. Dallas. We have predicted all along that such would be the result but, within the last few days, the chances had grown more favorable to the existing Tariff. Mr. Haywood, of North Carolina, resigned his seat as Senator on the 25th, which took one vote from the support of the new Tariff Bill. The reasons of Mr. Haywood's resignation were said to be his opposition to the proposed reduction of the Tariff and his unwillingness to vote against his party. The Washington Union, the organ of the Administration, spoke in the severest terms of Mr. Haywood's conduct. It said that North Carolina had been betrayed by this act, and that "this wrong would be felt by every man in North Carolina; and Wm. H. Haywood stood recorded as an apostate and a deserter, who never would be able, in the course of the longest life, to expiate one hundredth part of the political transgression which he had committed."

On the 27th, the debate finally closed in the Senate by the commitment of the Tariff Bill, by the following vote, with instructions. Four of these instructions were to discriminate in favor of the raw material, and against British manufactures, and at the same time to increase revenue so as to provide more adequate means for the support of Government.

Ayes—Messrs. Archer, Barrow, Berrien, Cameron, Cilley, J. M. Clayton, Thos. Clayton, Corwin, Crittenden, Davis, Dayton, Evans, Greene, Huntingdon, Jarnagin, Johnson of La., Johnson of Md., Mangum, Miller, Morehead, Niles, Pearce, Phelps, Simmons, Sturgeon, Upham, Webster, Woodbridge—28.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Ashley, Atchison, Atherton, Bagby, Benton, Breese, Bright, Calhoun, Cass, Chalmers, Colquitt, Dickinson, Dix, Fairchild, Hannegan, Houston, Lewis, McDuffie, Pennybacker, Rusk, Semple, Sevier, Speight, Turney, Wescott, Yulee—27.

The above commitment was a decided triumph of the opponents of the Bill. But, on the 28th, the Finance Committee reported it back without amendment, and asked to be discharged—and their request was granted, Mr. Jarnagin voting yea.

On motion of Mr. Webster, the 9th section was then stricken out, by a vote of 28 to 26—Messrs. Benton and Jarnagin voting yea.

An amendment was offered by Mr. Reverdy Johnson for recommitment to a Select Committee, with instructions to amend by inserting a clause making a discrimination in favor of raw materials, which was rejected by the casting vote of the Vice President—the vote being 27 to 27, Mr. Jarnagin being absent.

Some further amendments were offered by Mr. Cameron, and rejected, discriminating in favor of iron and coal.

The question being then taken on ordering the Bill to be engrossed for a third reading, it was decided in the affirmative by the casting vote of the Vice President—the vote of the Senate being again 27 to 27, and Mr. Jarnagin being absent.

Mr. Dallas gave his reasons at length. He had, he said, a great responsibility to assume; but after calling to his aid the best lights within his control, he was prepared to meet the emergency and the hazard.

To his mind, ample proof had been furnished that the majority of the people are in favor of a change in the mode of assessing the duties on foreign imports. Six States are equally divided on the question: eleven States are in favor of the Bill, and eleven are against it, and of those opposed to the Bill, Pennsylvania is the only Democratic State.

He spoke for nearly half an hour, and concluded with the remark that he would prefer the greatest obscurity of private life to political elevation, acquired by the perpetration of an act which his conscience would not approve.

A motion was then made to postpone the vote on third reading until December next, but it was defeated, and the Bill finally passed, 28 to 27—Mr. Jarnigan voting in the affirmative. As the 9th section is stricken out, the Bill has to be returned to the House, where it will probably pass immediately as amended.

In the House on the 24th, Mr. J. R. Ingersoll offered resolutions upon the propriety of sending a peace mission to Mexico, and moved a suspension of the rules that they might be considered, which was rejected, by a vote of 54 yeas to 96 nays. The House, therefore, refused to consider the motion.

The River and Harbor Bill has passed both Houses.

A Bill making appropriations for certain defences, has passed the House—this Bill contains a clause authorizing the President to ascertain the title of the United States to the Pea Patch Island.

The following are the appropriations made by the River and Harbor Bill, which now awaits the signature of the President to become a law.

Breakwater structure at Burlington, Lake Champlain,	$15,000
Plattsburg, Lake Champlain,	15,000
Steam Dredges, Lake Champlain,	9,000
Port Ontario Harbor,	10,000
Oswego Harbor,	30,000
Big Sodus Bay, Lake Ontario,	5,000
Little Sodus Bay, do.	5,000
Genesee River,	20,000
Oak Orchard Harbor,	7,000
Dredge Boat, Lake Ontario and River St. Lawrence,	20,000
Buffalo Harbor,	50,000
Dunkirk Harbor,	15,000
Erie Harbor,	40,000
Grand River Harbor,	10,000
Ashtabula Harbor,	10,000
Cleveland Harbor,	20,000
Huron Harbor,	5,000
Sandusky City,	11,000
River Raisin,	15,000
Lake Erie Dredge Boat,	30,000
St. Clair flats,	40,000
Grand River Harbor, Lake Michigan,	10,000
Mouth Kalamazoo River,	10,000
St. Joseph Harbor,	10,000
Michigan City Harbor,	40,000
Racine, Little Fort, Southport, Milwaukie, Chicago, and Dredge Boat, in all,	80,000
St. Louis Harbor,	75,000
Stamford Ledge, Maine,	20,000
Boston Harbor,	40,000
Bridgeport,	15,000
Providence,	5,000
Newcastle, Delaware,	15,000
Port Penn,	5,000
Delaware Breakwater,	75,000
Newark Bay,	15,000
Baltimore City,	20,000
Havre de Grace,	20,000
Savannah Harbor,	50,000
Hudson River, above and below Albany,	75,000
Great Wood Hole Harbor, Massachusetts,	4,450
Ohio River, above the Falls,	80,000
Ohio, below the Falls, at Louisville, including Arkansas, Mississippi and Missouri,	240,000
Red River,	40,000
Completing or repairing works on the Atlantic,	20,000

Miscellaneous News.

☞ Three prisoners escaped from the Massachusetts State prison, at Charlestown, on Tuesday week, by a very ingenious plan. They contrived to substitute parts of the iron doors of their cells with wood, so that when the officers went round to let the cooks out to prepare breakfast they were at liberty within the prison. They then ascended to the roof, the bars of which had been also loosened, went out at the sky-light, and let themselves down outside by a rope.

Gen. Taylor's Despatches.—The Louisville Morning Courier says that it is well known in the army that the despatches of Gen. Taylor, for the tone and character of which he has been so much extolled, have all been written by Capt. Bliss, the Adjutant General. Gen. Taylor tells him to write an account of this or that event, but to make it short and sweet, and forthwith the aforesaid officer goes to work, and performs his duty like a man of sense, as he is.

Death of Seventy Five Oregon Emigrants.—We learn from the St. Louis Republican, that the St. Joseph's party of emigrants for Oregon, who left in 1845, endured great hardships on their tedious journey, being out forty days more than usual. They lost seventy-five of their number by death. They were often for days without water, and short of provisions, which brought on what is called "camp fever."

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

REVIEW FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 30

FLOUR & MEAL—The receipts of flour continue light and the demand is limited. Prices, however, are well sustained. Sales of 2000 bbls good brands, strictly fresh ground, at $4,25 per bbl and half bbls at $1,50 per pair; 700 bbls at $4a4,12½ for fair brands. Some sour old stock at $3,87½a4 and scraped at $3,62½; 400 bbls old western at $3,75. For city use sales at $3,87½ to 4,25 and old western at $3,75a3,81 per bbl. Scraped $3,50a3,56. Rye Flour—Sales at $2,62a2,75. Corn Meal—Sales of 2000 bbls at $2,50 per bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of all kinds of grain continue light. Wheat—Sales of 16,000 bushels good white at 94a95c and fair and prime red at 89a91c per bushel, closing at 89a90c. 3000 bushels southern at 86a88c, and some inferior to good new crop at 81a88c and prime 90c. Rye—No sales. Corn is scarce and the price has advanced. Sales of round yellow at 60; southern flat 56, 57a58 cts, and white at 55c. Oats are higher. Sales of southern fair at 29 and good and prime at 32, 33a34c. The wheat crop in this vicinity is not more than two-thirds of an average one, but that of oats is unusually large and of fine quality.

PROVISIONS—The demand for pork has been limited. Mess is held at $9,75a10, and prime $8a8,25 per bbl, in large and small parcels. Sales at these rates.—Bacon—Demand fair. Hams sell at 4½a8, and covered 7a9c. Sides scarce. Sales at 5½a5¾ cents, to go south. Shoulders 3½a3¾c. Lard—Sales of 1800 kegs and 100 bbls at 6½a6¾c for fair and prime quality, cash and time. Cheese—Sales at 7½a8c.

AMERICAN COTTON & WOOLLEN GOODS—There are some few western purchasers in the market and the job houses are sorting out their stocks. Business opens very slowly.

ASHES—A sale of pot ashes at $3,50 on time.

BARK—Sales of 200 hhds quercitron bark, part at $23,00 per ton for No. 1, and part at something higher. Holders now ask $24. Sales of Spanish oak at $10,50a12,50 per cord.

BEESWAX—A sale of yellow at 27c cash.

COAL—Prices are steady and the supplies are very large. For white ash coal there is less enquiry. Sales of bituminous coal at 16c per bushel.

COFFEE—The market has been unusually quiet, but prices are steady. Small sales of Rio at 7½a8¼, and La Guayra at 7¾a8c per lb, 4a6 mos. Arrived 1348 bags.

COPPER—A sale of 2400 lbs old copper at 17½ cts, cash.

COTTON—Prices are steady, but there is a wider range than usual between the sales made for cash and those on time. Sales of 580 bales, comprising Upland ordinary to fair at 7¼a8¼; Mobile and New Orleans at 8½ to 9½, and Florida at 8¼a9c per lb, cash and time. Arrived 370 bales.

DRUGS & DYES—Among the sales were 100 tons St. Domingo logwood at $13 per ton, cash, and 30 tons camwood at $58 6 mos.

FEATHERS—Sales of good western at 28c per lb.

FISH—Mackerel have slightly declined, but at the close prices are firmer. Sales of No. 1 at 10,25a10 per bbl; No. 2 at $7,50a7,25 and No. 3 at $5,25. From store sales at 25c higher. 100 bbls gibbed herring sold at $3 per bbl.

FRUIT—A cargo of 1100 boxes Malaga bunch raisins, 1600 boxes lemons and 50 frails and 50 boxes almonds were sold on terms not transpired. Arrived 1602 boxes lemons, 1131 do, 234 half do, 200 qr do raisins, 50 frails almonds.

GINSENG—Crude worth 36a37½c per lb.

HEMP—A sale of 8 tons hackled, only fair at $100 per ton cash. A lot of water rot at $80 and 30 tons at a price not reported. Arrived 730 bales.

HIDES—A sale of 1000 Trinidad hides at a price not made public. Arrived 75a71 hides.

HOPS—Sales of eastern at 20c per lb.

INDIGO—Market quiet and the sales limited.

IRON—There is more anxiety to effect sales at some decline on previous rates. A sale of 1500 tons No. 2 and 3 anthracite at $24,50 per ton, and 500 tons at $22,50, both 6 months. Sales of 200 tons charcoal pig in lots at $27a32 per ton. Bar iron and blooms are inactive.

LEAD—Sales of 925 pigs hard and 2400 pigs Missouri soft lead, part on terms not public, and part at $4,06, on time. Arrived 3855 pigs.

LUMBER—Sales of yellow pine sap boards at $13a14, and spruce at $16 per M feet. Cherry boards $25, and oak $15. Two cargoes of eastern laths at $1,40 per M.

MOLASSES—The market is quiet. Sales of 180 casks Havana at 28, and 25 hhds Cienfuegos at 26c per gallon, 4 and 6 mos. Arrived 238 casks and 83 bbls.

NAVAL STORES—Demand moderate. Sales of 700 bbls common rosin at 50a55c; 100 do soap $1,56, 200 bbls spirits at 31a31c in lots. Tar is held at $1,87½a2 per bbl. Arrived 2213 bbls rosin, 200 do turpentine, 200 do spirits do, 165 do tar.

OILS—Prices for fish oils are steady, with limited sales. 700 gallons linseed oil at 58a59c in casks, and 60 cts in bbls.

PLASTER—Supply very large. Sales of 10 cargoes at $2,50 on the Schuylkill, and $2,37½, 2,25 and 2,18 on the Delaware, closing at $2,37½.

RICE—Sales of 75 tcs at 3¾ to 3½c per lb for fair and good quality, cash and 4 mos. Arrived 82 tcs.

SALT—A cargo sale of 6500 bushels Turks Island at about 25c per bushel. 180 tons Liverpool ground, price not public. Arrived 180 tons.

SEEDS—Sales of flaxseed at $1,30 per bushel. A lot of good cloverseed at $4,37½.

SPICES—A sale of 10,000 lbs African ginger at a price not public.

SPIRITS—Sales of Bordeaux brandy at $2a2 05, Rochelle at $2,10a2,12½, and cognac at $2,30a2,75. Gin at $1,35 for Weesp anchor. Rum—Sales of N. E. at 24a25c. Whiskey—Sales of 600 bbls at 22½a23c for New York State prison, and Pa. at 22½c. Hhds sell slowly at 22½ cents.

SUGARS—Prices are firm, but the market is rather inactive. Sales of 450 hhds New Orleans at 6½a6¾ cts; 65 hhds Porto Rico at 6½a7; 350 boxes Havana at 9a9½ for white and 7½c for brown, all 4 and 6 mos. Arrived 141 hhds, 2934 boxes.

TEAS—There is no change to note in teas.

TOBACCO—Demand limited and prices steady.—Sales of 40 hhds Kentucky leaf at 2½ to 5c per lb. Arrived 162 bales.

WINES—Sales of 100 qr casks and India barrels dry Malaga at 48a50c, on time.

WOOL—Prices have receded from 1 to 3c per pound within two weeks, and there has been an increased demand for wool. The sales amount to 130,000 lbs domestic wool at irregular prices. Common pulled and tub washed ranged from 20 to 23½; ½ blood 22 to 24; ¾ blood 23 to 25; ¾ do 25 to 27, full blood at 27a29, and prime Saxony at 29 to 33 cts per lb, cash and time. 60 bales coarse Trieste at 8c, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS TO LIVERPOOL.—Bark 35s per ton—flour 2s per bbl; cotton ¼d per lb.

COAL FREIGHTS—There is a moderate supply of vessels and prices are steady, viz.—to Boston $1,50; Providence and Fall River $1,25a1,31¼; New York $1, and to Baltimore 75c per ton.

SALES OF STOCKS.

825 shares Reading R. R.	34¼a34½
8 do Kensington Bank,	55
$5000 State 5's, opg.	67½
$5000 State 5's, opg.	68
$5000 State 5's, c&p,	68
$15,000 State 5's, opg.	68¼
$15,000 State 5's, opg.	68½
$200 Lehigh Interest,	42

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—At market, 950 head, chiefly western beef cattle, including 230 taken to New York; 180 cows and calves; 175 swine; and 1600 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beeves in fair request at $4½a6¼ the 100 lbs. Cows and calves sell at $15a35. Swine—Scarce, and bring $4½a5½ the 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs—Prices range at $1a3 each. Hay—Sales of good timothy have been mostly at 90a100c, and new 60a75c the cwt. Straw brings $6a7 the 100 bundle.

New York, July 27.—At market 950 beef cattle, 50 cows, 4300 sheep and lambs. Beef Cattle—We quote at from $5 to 7. 30 head taken for export to Bermuda. Cows—Prices are steady at $18 to $35. Sheep and Lambs—Market well supplied and prices firm. Sales of sheep at $1,25a3 25, and lambs at from 87½c to $2,75.

Baltimore, July 24.—The offerings amounted to only 204 head, of which 164 head were sold to city butchers at prices ranging from $2 50 to $3,25 per 100 on the hoof, equal to $5a7,25 nett—average of the sales about $4,87½. Hogs—Sales are making at $4,75 to 4,87½ per 100 lbs.

Richmond, July 23.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,50a2 75; nett $5a5,50, according to quality. Mutton—$2,00a3 00—scarce and in demand. Lambs—$1,50a2 50, according to quality. Veals $4,50a8, according to quality.

EUTAW HOUSE, BALTIMORE.

THIS SPLENDID HOTEL HAS BEEN LATELY refitted and furnished in the most complete and elegant manner, by Messrs. JACKSON & CRANSTON, and, after the 30th April, when it opens to the public, will be ready for the reception of guests. The experience of Mr. Cranston as host of the Rockaway Pavilion, and of Mr. Jackson, at the Exchange Hotel, Baltimore, and the Astor House, New York, is a guarantee of the style in which the "EUTAW" will be kept. The location is the best in the city of Baltimore.

☞ The PAVILION, at Rockaway, L. I., will remain under the charge of Mr. Cranston, who, during the summer months, will be happy to see his old friends at this favorite watering place. my 16 3m

THE FRANKLIN HOUSE,

No. 105 Chesnut Street, between Third and Fourth,

PHILADELPHIA.

THIS popular and central Hotel, established by the Messrs. Sanderson, having passed into the hands of the subscriber, he desires to inform his friends and the public that it is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited "THE FRANKLIN HOUSE," its advantages as a desirable stopping place are well known; to those who have not, it will be only necessary to state that it is situated in the busiest part of the most fashionable street, in the immediate vicinity of the Exchange, Post Office, Banks, Custom House, Places of Amusement, Hotels, Steamboat Landings, Railroad Depots, Public Squares, Court Houses, &c. &c.

Since the change of proprietors, a large amount of money has been expended in enlarging, re-fitting, re-furnishing and painting. Among the numerous improvements, may be mentioned Improved Entrances, a New Ladies' Ordinary, a New Gentlemens' Dining Saloon, New Parlors, New Chambers, New Kitchen, and New Bar Room, besides many other minor improvements.

The principal features of a first rate Hotel—"The Table and Wine Cellar" will be under the management of MR. JAMES M. SANDERSON, one of the former proprietors, whose ambition to excel as a Caterer is well known. His widely celebrated Cook, "PELLETIER," aided by experienced assistants, will still continue to be his right hand man.

The Office and Books will be under the charge of MR. GEORGE P. BURNHAM, late the able Editor of the "Daily Ohio Union," of Cincinnati, and more recently of Boston. In short great exertions have been made, and hereafter will not be spared, to render "THE FRANKLIN" one of the very first Hotels for comfort, convenience, and good living.

july 25-3m D. K. MINOR.

Selected Poetry.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

We make no boast of Waterloo;
In mass success no pride is ri'
We have no learned of the French,
No scorn of Toulon or Dupe—
The claret that our fathers gained
In bloody warfare years against
And which they left of the their cups,
Gives us no joy to think upon.

In truth, we value not the French,
And think our fathers did them wrong;
And sometimes black when in the streets,
We curse out of date, an ancient song—
Ghost of a prejudice—comes back,
And tells us how, in days gone out,
The best of Englishmen was he
Who put a dozen French to rout.

We have no foolish thoughts like those
Of France so any other land;
And jealousies to poor and mean
We're somewhat slow to understand.
We'd rather with our friends, the French,
Encourage kindness of thought,
Than gain a score of Waterloos,
Or any battle ever fought.

And in the year of "forty six,"
We rising sons in life's young prime,
Are men who think the French have done
The world good service in their time.
And for their valors, and for our ties
And freedom's cake we'd all the earth,
We'd rather let all feuds expire,
And cling to something better worth.
If thought of battles gained by to
Disturb so gall d ems, let it rest;
Napoleon was a man of note,
But neither would admire he bee
Neither a demon nor a god.
And if they still adore a king,
The honest man who rules them now
Deserves a little worshipping

To be at strife, hence-not just,
Has no attention to our mind
And so for nations fond of war,
We think them poor of homeskind.
Still, if there must be rivalry
Betwixt us and the French, why, then
Let earth behold in, who we show
Which of the two are better men.

We'll try the rivalry of Arts,
Of Science, Learning, Freedom Fame—
We'll try who best shall fight for the world
With Charity's divinest flame—
The best shall elevate the poor,
And teach the world to be its true—
We want no victory of arms,
We want no boasts of Waterloo

A Thrilling Sketch.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

An emergency, that totally unnerves one man, is just sufficient to call the powers of another into full activity. Whilst the former cannot act at all, but seems rendered to a state of mental paralysis, the latter applies himself with calm energy to the difficulties of the case, and escapes the peril that appears inevitable, by an intuitive selection of the only path that could lead him out in safety. Presence of mind is more frequently diffused amongst men than women, but, perhaps, the more striking isolated examples are told of females. Most people have heard of the mother, who, seeing her infant on the near the edge of a precipice that the slightest advance would bend the little creature to destruction, had the presence of mind to suppress the scream of alarm that was on the point of breaking out. Simply whispering the fond names of endearment, at the same time baring her breast, she drew it from its dangerous position into the safe haven of her arms. When presence of mind is combined with fortitude, the compound is very admirable; and there are few things that show, in a greater degree, the power of the mind over the body. The following circumstance, which took place a few years ago in an English county, are a pointed illustration of this unusual combination of qualities:—

"A young couple, named Aubrey, inhabited a tolerably large house in the village of ——, at Norfolk. The house—an old one—was built in the garden of considerable size, and had no other occupants than the gentleman and lady just mentioned, their infant rather more than a year old, and a single female domestic, who had not been very long in their service. Every evening at nine o'clock, a relative the most complete regard throughout the village, at tae the lights in the different houses began to be extinguished, and in a short time no ray disturbed the silent darkness. It must also have been a very extraordinary circumstance if any steps were discerned heard in the street. Judge, then, of the utter solitude of a house screened by elms and sycamores, and standing three or four rods away from the public way. One evening in the month of November, Mrs. Aubrey was in the house, awaiting the return of her husband, whom some affair of business had called away in the morning, to a town about six miles distant. He expected to receive a considerable sum of money in the course of the day, and his wife had prevailed upon him to take a pair of pistols, as he anticipated being detained until after nightfall. About six o'clock in the evening Mrs. Aubrey went up stairs, accompanied by the servant, for the purpose of putting the child to bed. The room was on the first floor, a large apartment, looking into the garden. The moment darkened its tints the ivory furniture, the lofty portraits with scale countenances and in ancient costumes, gave the room a somewhat gloomy appearance. Opposite to the chimney was a very deep recess, in which stood the bed, and near this was placed the child's cradle. The curtains were drawn, but one corner had caught by accident on some piece of furniture, and a part of the bed was exposed, a the nurse in the act of saying on which some exclamation of surprise had escaped the slight amount of salt and patience.

"The night was dark and melancholy, quite in character with the time of year. Gusts of wind rattled on the windows, dashing the rain violently against the glass. The trees in the garden, bending under the sudden currents of air, occasionally struck the house-like a gloomy and mysterious concert threatened the human voices mingled in the premise assistance in case of need. Mrs Aubrey seated herself on a low chair at a corner of the hearth. The light of the fire and that of a lamp placed on the chimney piece, striking some objects in full, and leaving others in darkness, made all kinds of strange effects by their opposition or contrast. The child, which fully occupied her attention, sat on her knee, and when the servant entered not some commands of her mistress at the other end of the room. Being about to complete the child's toilette for the night, the servant turned towards the cradle to see that it was prepared, and just at the moment a bright flame shooting out from a strong light upon the recess. Conceive, if you can, her astonishment, and the start she gave, when, under the bed, and at the place where the curtain had been lifted up, she perceived, as plain as if it had been in the daylight in life, a pair of thick-soled boots, in such a position as to show that the wearer of them was in a standing attitude, and the calves of his legs were visible. At last, a world of thoughts rushed through her brain, and the utter helplessness of her situation flashed upon her. It did not admit of a doubt that a man was there with some evil intention, either to rob or murder. Her husband would probably not return before late at night, and it was then scarcely half-past six. Mrs. Aubrey, however, possessed sufficient command over herself not to do what instinct urged her to do—what any one would have done, namely fall to shouting. To all appearance, the man had ventured upon staying where he was for a considerable time, and he hope to had intended to remain until midnight, and then carry off the money that Mr. Aubrey was to receive; but, if obliged to come out of his lurking place now, he might revenge himself upon the two defenceless women and child by all intimations of them by putting them to death. Then, who could tell? perhaps the servant herself might be in league with the fellow. Indeed, her last item of the fearful crowds of suspicion, as regards the girl, which Mrs. Aubrey had disregarded, but they now forced themselves on her mind. All these reflections occurred to her in much less time than I have taken to put them down.

"She came to a determination at once. She first thought of her servant's pretext to get the servant out of the room—Mary she said, with as steady a voice as she could assume, 'you know what your master will like for supper; I wish you would go and make it ready. He will be pleased, I am sure, that we have thought of it.' 'Will you not need me here on usual, ma'm?' inquired the girl. 'No, I can do all myself, thank you, go and cook, so nice a supper as you can; for I am sure my husband ought to have something nice after a long ride, and so such weather.' After some delay, which deemed her mistress's anxiety, although she made varied to repress it, the servant quitted the room. The sounds of her footsteps died away on the stairs, and then Mrs. Aubrey truly felt herself alone—got the two feet remained there in their shadowy retreat, without stirring. She kept near the fire, holding the infant on her lap, now and then speaking to it, but only mechanically, for she could not remove her eyes from that terrible sight. Your poor child cried to be at rest, but the cradle was near the bed, and under the bed were those frightful feet—it was impossible to go near them. She made a violent effort, however.— Come, then, darling!' she murmured; and, lifting the child in her arms, and supporting herself on her trembling limbs, she went towards the cradle. She is now beside the feet!—she places the baby in little bed, concealing as well as she can, the treasure of her voice; she reclin the cradle in time to the song she usually sings. At the time she sang, she kept dancing a dagger was lifted up to strike her, and there was no one to succor her. Well, the baby fell asleep, and Mrs. Aubrey returned to her seat near the fire. She durst not quit the room, for that might excite the suspicion of the man, and the effort which she was probably his accomplice; besides, she wished to remain near her infant. It was now no more than seven minutes—twelfth a full hour before her husband would reach home! Her eyes are chained by a species of fascination, to the feet; she cannot divert them by any other object. A pain found silence reigns in the room; baby sleeps peacefully; its mother sits motionless—a statue; her hands crossed on her lap, her lips half open, her eyes fixed, and her breast has a fearful tightness across it.

"Now and then there was a noise without in the garden, and Mrs. Aubrey's heart leaped within her, as she imagined it announced her husband's arrival—and her own deliverance. But no, not yet; she was deceived, it was merely the sound of the wind, of the rain, or the rustling of the trees that are always in the world, to deep and mournful was the silence. Every minute seemed an age. Look! look! the feet stir. Is the man coming out of his concealment? No, it was nothing but a slight movement, perhaps involuntarily made to ease an unpleasant position. But the feet are there.

"The clock is audible once more, but it is only to chime the half-hour. Half-past seven; no more than half-past seven! Oh, how full of anguish was every minute! Repeatedly she addressed prayers on High for a period to Heaven for assistance. Now the chimney-piece there was a book of religious meditation; she reached it, and tried to read. In vain. Her thoughts were full of the page continually to see if the clouted boots were still under the bed. Then a new source of anxiety shot through her brain—Where is the servant? does not come after all? The weather was bad, and his parents, who lived in the town whither he had gone, might have cual upon him to remain with them over night. She would not be astonished if he complied, especially as he knew that he could get money about his person. Heavens! What, if he comes not at all!

"Eight o'clock has struck, and there is no arrival. The servant girl, her entire fears suggested her every moment more and more probable. For two hours did this agonized female hour up against her thoughts, but at length it became hopeless to hope. Hark! Is that a noise? She has been deceived so often before, she is afraid to believe her ears once more. Yes, the sound is the carriage. The entrance-door opens, is closed, steps come along the hall, and moment after, the room door turns on its hinges. Yes, tis he!—it is her husband! But if it had been a stranger, he found not perceived the danger? his suspicion. For the chimney-piece there was a hook of religious meditation; she reached it, and tried to read. In vain. Her thoughts were full of the page continually to see if the clouted boots were still under the bed. Then a new source of anxiety shot through her brain—Where is the servant? does not come after all? The weather was bad, and his parents, who lived in the town whither he had gone, might have cual upon him to remain with them over night. She would not be astonished if he complied, especially as he knew that he could get money about his person. Heavens! What, if he comes not at all!

"Eight o'clock has struck, and there is no arrival. The servant girl, her entire fears suggested her every moment more and more probable. For two hours did this agonized female hour up against her thoughts, but at length it became hopeless to hope. Hark! Is that a noise? She has been deceived so often before, she is afraid to believe her ears once more. Yes, the sound is the carriage. The entrance-door opens, is closed, steps come along the hall, and moment after, the room door turns on its hinges. Yes, tis he!—it is her husband! But if it had been a stranger, he found not perceived the danger? his suspicion